

Animation Duels of History! : Astrid vs Merida

by Hatter and Hare Productions

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Summary: Welcome to the first ever "Animation Duels of History!" where your favorite animated characters fight to the death! First up, savage Astrid of Berk is sent to find and kill the elusive Highland ranger and queen, Merida of DunBroch! Enjoy! Warning: Don't read if you can't stand the thought of losing a beloved character!

Animation Duels of History! : Astrid vs Merida

Alright, introduction time. This is the first of (hopefully) many duels between everyone's favorite animated characters of all time. I decide all matches with the flip of a coin, to be fair, and I am open to suggestions for match-ups in the future. This will not be stuck to any single section, so you will have to follow me or just check-up on my profile to keep an eye out for future ones. If you have any helpful advice I will be glad to listen, and yes, this is supposed to be slightly reminiscent of Spike's Deadliest Warrior show, which I do not own. Enjoy (unless the character you are rooting for gets mutilated, which in advance I am sorry for)!

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><p>Animation Duels of History! : Astrid vs. Merida
>by the Marvelous March Hare<p>

Astrid scaled up the stone, breathing in the smell of the highland winds that blew through the valley. She readjusted the javelins on her back, stretching her arms for a moment and looking around at the near-dawn world. A mist hung over the place, and dew still hung thick like a blanket on the world. The forests whistled, yet they offered no comfort, no kindness. They hid a certain darkness to them, something mighty and unmerciful.

Today, that darkness would die.

A sudden twang rang through the forest, and Astrid instinctively threw her shield up. A frightening yet reassuring thunk hit her ears, and knowing she had blocked the shot Astrid leapt off the rock and rolled down the side of the valley. Several more thunks were sounded, and the Viking's heart leapt. Catching herself, she got up and took cover behind a large tree.

Breathing slowly, Astrid listened intently for the sounds of movement, a twig snapping, a tree branch getting brushed aside. Nothing; only the long and quiet shadows of the forests. Pulling one of her javelins from her back, she lifted her shield up in front of her and breathed deep, then, charged around the tree. Peeking just over the shield's rim, she caught another arrow on the shield and threw her javelin in the direction of the arrow. The hidden archer leapt out of the way, and the axe only caught wood. Still, Astrid knew where her foe was, and was already grinning for the chance to put her head on a pike.

The archer jumped aside, and let loose another arrow. This time it was aimed low, and Astrid had to jump to avoid getting an arrow to the knee. Following that, another arrow, and this time it glanced its mark, her calf. Astrid grunted through pain and kept running. The archer reached for another arrow, but grabbed nothing. She was out, and panic struck her round face, and two pairs of bright, blue eyes locked. Astrid was now truly smiling.

"For Odin!" she screamed, and grabbing her axe from her belt she leapt upon her foe. She brought her axe down, but as she roared another answered her and the fiery red-head facing her produced a claymore. The two weapons clashed, and Astrid brought her shield to the Scot's face.

The Scot caught sight of the incoming bash, and sidestepped, breaking the lock and, twisting, turned around and brought her blade on the Viking's back. Astrid screamed in pain, and her momentum carried her forward into a stumble.

Catching herself, she turned to face her, blocking another incoming attack. The force almost dragged her down, but Astrid countered with a quick jab of her axe's head to the Scot's head. The point missed, but the blunt end still caught, and the redhead reeled back. Taking the advantage, Astrid assaulted her opponent with a berserker's rage. Lifting the axe up, she repeatedly brought it down, but the stubborn Celt would not yield, blocking each and every blow.

Finally tired of blocking, the redhead stabbed forward, and Astrid had to sidestep to avoid being skewered. Smacking the blade aside with her shield, Astrid swung and managed to deliver a nasty gash to the Scot's arm. With a scream of surprise and pain, the Scot stepped forward and twisted her blade horizontally. Astrid threw her head back, and watched as her reflection gazed back at her in terror struck eyes.

Stumbling forward, the Viking caught herself on a tree and panted. Astrid glanced back, and realized somewhat joyfully that the redhead was also out of breath. They both stumbled about for a while, and Astrid smiled upon seeing the blood gushing off the side of her foe's face and arm. In her delirious and weakened state, the Celt even dropped her sword. The advantage was truly hers! With one last, mighty roar, Astrid leapt upon her broken foe.

A flash of green and red twirled before her, and Astrid found herself unable to breath. She could not see past the red hair, but she could feel something in her, piercing her lungs. The blade twisted, and her body jerked in pain. The Scot removed the blade, and Astrid let her arms dropped, yet never once letting her weapons go. Stepping forward, the redhead's hair (which smelled of open air and wild flowers) left her face, and Astrid could now see the whole of the valley, and despite the pain she was in, Astrid could not help but smile.

The world began to blur, but a metallic taste was suddenly poignant in her mouth. She looked to her opponent, who had moved to the side, and was breathing hard. In her hand was a long, narrow dagger; a dirk. Looking away from the redhead, Astrid found her legs very tired, as if they had just walked a hundred leagues. Dropping to her knees, her world momentarily jolted, but soon returned to a consistent blurriness that was only becoming more so by the second. Or was it hour? Maybe time no longer matter, but, as the Sun peeked over the horizon, Astrid could hear the drinking songs in Valhalla ring quietly in her ear. Her only regret was that Hiccup would never know where she had died so he could bury her.

Staring into the bright and morning star, Astrid was only vaguely aware of her surroundings when suddenly she heard a sword cut through the air and everything go black.

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><p>I apologize to all Astrid fans first and foremost. I love the character tremendously also...but the fates are a tricky fiend.<p>

Thank you for reading this. I decided that Astrid and Merida would be the first, great match-up due to their relative butt-kicking skills and their similar status as famous badass girls. Once again, any suggestions would be appreciated!

Disclaimer: I own nothing but the original idea.

End
file.